

Safe. The ball-field of strife Seldom knows a pause in strife. Every path is strewn with snares. Brightest moon has darkest night. Parrot bloom has palest white. Hope has but a transient gleam. Love is but a passing dream. Trust is folly's helpless wail. Who dare call their dearest safe? But then, though perchance we stray, What harm to do with war? Let the wild stream flood its brink, There's no lack of back to sink. Let the wind sweep the white net, Then art done with what's left. Let fortune from and friends grow strange, Then has passed the doom of change. We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—Safe, my darling, dead, and safe!

Some Time. Some time, first heart of mine. You shall have a long rest. An't the quiet evening sweet. Spinning out to the west, Craving in the moon's pale light, Shall look on quiet tread. Though the birds shall swoon away, As the deeper shadows fall. You may rest. Some time, patient eyes of mine. You may take a long, long sleep. Though the birds shall swoon away, As the deeper shadows fall. When all the world shall sleep, When all the world shall sleep, When all the world shall sleep, When all the world shall sleep.

PRUDENCE GRAY. That's my name, for father said there was't a better name the river than the Prudence, and I was called the same he was sure there never would be a better girl. Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and his earliest remembrances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening, leaning on the tiller, and the great cinnamon-red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foam and bubbling by us as we ran up the river, and the tiller in his hand, and the ship close together in a dock against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the sea.

and scariet cap, and as I saw his eyes and looked carefully at me, and said but little, and at last time was up and rose to go. I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had gone to alter the name of his boat, and it was called the Prudence, too; and then, without any more about the case, he said saying good-by, when I put my hands in his and said quietly—"John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise, and as you are alone now, Prudence, my lass, he cried eagerly. "No, John, no," I said softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks; "I never shall be while you live." "Never, my lass, never," he cried. "And John, yes, I promised you." "When I come back from this voyage."

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THE HYDROPHOBIA QUESTION. In view of the careful history of the case of Richard Schweitzer, of Melrose, made by Dr. Kretschmer, says the New York Herald, and in view of the physician's positive declaration that the case was one of hydrophobia, considerable surprise was occasioned by the result of the post-mortem examination. Dr. MacWhinnie, who made this examination, declared that the immediate cause of the death was not hydrophobia, but it was, and the opinion of Mr. H. H. Berg, and that of Dr. William A. Hammond, was asked for on the bearing of Schweitzer's case on the much vexed question of hydrophobia.

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